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DIRECT EDITION

Some heroes protect cities. Some, countries. Some, worlds. But who's looking out for the entire omniverse? One band of heroes has left the lives and worlds of their births behind, and shouldered the weight of all possible universes. From their base in the Crystal Palace, they see the biggest possible picture and go wherever they are needed.

They are...THE NEW EXILES!



SABRETOOTH
Earth-295



PSYLOCKE
Earth-616



ROGUE
Earth-1009



MYSTIQUE
Earth-797



CAT
Unknown Earth



MORPH
Earth-1081



SAGE
Earth-616



GAMBIT
Earth-6706



Team newbie Cat has survived her first trial by fire: a showdown with Empress Hydra and her death squad! But Cat's real troubles are just beginning...



...as her ability to interface with the Crystal Palace reveals some shocking news: the Omniverse is dying!



After their most difficult mission yet, the team is looking for some much needed R&R...but the New Exiles are about to visit a world unlike any they could possibly imagine!



Meanwhile, Sage's alternate personality, Diana Fox, has somehow taken on a life of her own—and she's decided to confront her former host in one final battle for absolute control!

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LONG DAY'S JOURNEY

By Chris Claremont
& Tim Seeley

ANOTHER
DIMENSION.
ANOTHER
EARTH...

HOW
DID THEY
FIND
ME?

IT'S BEEN
SO LONG. THE
UNIVERSE IS
SO HUGE.

WHY
COULDN'T
THEY
FORGET
ABOUT
ME?

WHY
COULDN'T
THEY JUST
GIVE UP?

DEVIL
+ MOON

WILFREDO QUINTANA COLORIST
TOM ORZECZOWSKI LETTERER
GORDAN P. WHITE
& MICHAEL MORWITZ
ASSISTANT EDITORS
AMER PANICCA EDITOR
JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER

"I THOUGHT I WAS SAFE HERE."

"I THOUGHT I
COULD LIVE OUT
MY DAYS IN PEACE."

"INSTEAD, ALL I'VE
DONE IS BRING DEATH
TO THIS WORLD, AND
ITS POOR PEOPLE."

OUR PREY
STAYS IS
BEFORE US,
BRETHREN.

AT LONG
LAST LIKE THE
ROYAL HUNT IS
NEAR ITS
END.

KEEP RUNNING,
NERIMANI!

RESCUE'S
ON THE
WAY!

YOU DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE UP
AGAINST,
SHAREN.

BY THE
TIME THE
OTHERS
REACH US,
WE'LL BE
DONE.

HAVE A
LITTLE FAITH,
MY FRIEND.

THE
DAUGHTERS
OF THE
DRAGON
DON'T LIKE
TO LOSE.



THIS SHOULD TAKE CARE OF THE ONE YOU CALLED SHELL



FAIR MOVES, FEMALE, AND RELATIVELY DECENT STRENGTH.

BUT THEY'RE NOT ENOUGH TO SAVE YOU.



WANNA BET?



SO MUCH FOR FLAW.

TWO-FOR-TWO THIS LOOKS LIKE MY KIND OF DAY.



SADLY, HUMAN, TO USE YOUR OWN STIK > IDIOM...

THE BEST AMONG YOUR STIK > ADVERSARIES--

--WHICH IS TO SAY > UK> THE MOST DEADLY--



MY LEGS--!

--HAVE BEEN STIK > SAVED FOR LAST.



IT IS ALWAYS FITTING **STIK** TO KNOW THE NAME...



--AND
LEAVE THE
REST TO
ME.

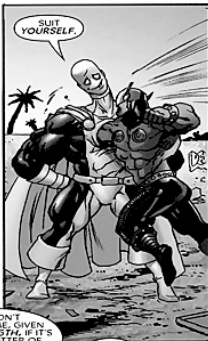
---I CALLED
MORPH, BY
THE WAY.

I'M
ONE OF
THE GOOD
GUYS.

FIRST
THINGS
FIRST. TIME
TO BULK UP
MY SIZE
AND BODY
MASS...

...TO
MATCH
THE BIG
GUY.

TAKE THE HINT, DUDE.
THERE'S A WHOLE LOT
MORE WHERE THAT
CAME FROM.



WOULDN'T
SURPRISE ME, GIVEN
YOUR **STRENGTH**, IF IT'S
ONLY A MATTER OF
TIME BEFORE YOU TEAR
YOURSELF FREE.

BUT
BEFORE
THAT
HAPPENS,
PAL...





BUT IT'S
WAY RUDE
OF ME TO HOG
ALL THE
ACTION...

... ESPECIALLY
WHEN THERE ARE
LOVELY LADIES TO
IMPRESS, SO...



--HAPPY
LANDINGS.



TALK ABOUT
HAPPY
LANDINGS...



ANYONE EVER TELL
YOU, MORPH...

... THAT YOU
ARE POSITIVELY
DEMENTED?

!GASP!?

SHOW
SOME
MERCY,
ROGUE. YOU
MAKE THAT
SOUND LIKE
A BAD
THING.



HEAVEN
FORBID!



SLAM!





WHOEVER THESE
STIK-2 NEW ENTITIES ARE,
THEIR EXISTENCE IS NOT
REFLECTED STIK-2 IN OUR
REFERENCE SCANS OF
THE PLANET.

THEIR PHYSICAL
STIK-2 CAPABILITIES ARE
EXCEPTIONAL, TOO
GREAT STIK-2 FOR ME TO
RISK COMBAT.



I MUST WARN
STIK-2 THE EMPRESS!

YOU'RE GOING
NOWHERE,
OFFSET--
EXCEPT
PERHAPS
TO HELL.



YOU SPEAK, MAMMAL.
STIK-2 AS THOUGH YOU
KNOW ME.

IF SO, YOU
SHOULD ALSO KNOW
STIK-2 MY ABILITIES ARE
MATCHLESS!

PERHAPS, IN YOUR
IMAGINATION.

BUT THIS
IS REALITY.

YOU AND
ME, WE'RE
NOT EVEN
CLOSE.



FORGIVE ME,
ELIZABETH--IS
EVERYTHING
ALL RIGHT?

FROM
YOUR BODY
LANGUAGE, I
HAVE THE SENSE
THAT YOU'VE
MET THESE
CREATURES
BEFORE.

IN MY HOME
DIMENSION,
MYSTIG...

...THE SH'AR DEATH
COMMANDOS ANNIHILATED
THE FAMILY OF A VERY DEAR
FRIEND-- ALL OF THEM--
MEN AND WOMEN AND
CHILDREN.

NO HESITATION,
NO APOLOGY--AND
NO LASTING
CONSEQUENCES.

SOME
THINGS CAN
NEVER BE
FORGIVEN.

SOME
THINGS NEVER
SHOULD
BE.

WHAT DREW THEM HERE? WHY
ARE THEY AFTER YOU?

WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT? HOW
SHOULD I KNOW?
THIS SIMPLY
HAPPENED!

I CAN'T
HELP YOU.
THIS IS JUST AS
TERRIBLE A
MYSTERY
TO ME.

THANK YOU,
THANK YOU FOR
SAVING ME-- BUT
I'VE REALLY GOT
TO GO.

I HAVE
THINGS TO
DO. I HAVE
TO GET
HOME.

I'M SORRY.
YOU CAN'T
DO THIS.

THAT POOR YOUNG WOMAN DIED
FOR YOU-- AT LEAST SHOW SOME
RESPECT FOR THAT.

YOU OWE
IT TO HER TO
HELP US.

OTHERWISE,
HER DEATH MEANS
NOTHING.



ON THIS VERSION OF EARTH, THERE ARE NO CONTINENTS (SAVE PERHAPS AT THE SOUTH POLE).

INSTEAD, THERE ARE ONLY SCATTERED ISLANDS, ALL SHAPES AND SIZES, STREWN ABOUT THE WATERY FACE OF THE WORLD.

THIS IS ONE OF THE MORE IMPRESSIVE.

HERE RISES THE ULTIMATE-TECH HEAD-QUARTERS COMPLEX OF THE SONS OF IRON.

ON THE BEACHFRONT IS WHERE YOU'LL FIND THE HOME OF THE DAUGHTERS; LIKE THEIR NAMESAKE DRAGON, THEY PREFER MORE OPEN SPACES.

TOGETHER, THOSE TWO TEAMS ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR KEEPING THIS WORLD AT PEACE.

I KNOW THIS IS HARD TO BELIEVE, BUT YOU'RE NOT ALONE IN THE UNIVERSE.

THESE DEATH COMMANDOS REPRESENT AN INTERSTELLAR EMPIRE; CONSIDER THEM THE FIRST WAVE. A WHOLE LOT WORSE IS YET TO COME.

IN MY HOME DIMENSION, I'VE FACED THE SH'AR BOTH AS A FRIEND AND AS AN ADVERSARY.

YOU'VE SEEN THE SUPER-POWERS POSSESSED BY MYSELF AND MY FELLOW EXILES, AND THOSE OF THE PRISONERS DOWNSTAIRS.

THAT'S A FRACTION OF WHAT YOU'RE UP AGAINST.

THIS GIRL HAS GOT TO BE KIDDING!

THEN HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THEIR POWERS, MISTY?

THAT'S EASY, COLLEEN-- BETTER BIONICS THAN MY ARM--

--BETTER TECH THAN THE SONS OF IRON.

PLEASE UNDERSTAND-- PSYLOCKE IS NOT EXAGGERATING: THESE DEATH COMMANDOS ARE BUT THE TIP OF THE ONCOMING ICEBERG.

YOU'RE FACING A WARRIOR CULTURE THAT DOESN'T LIKE TO LOSE.



YOU SEE, THIS IS A WORLD WITH TWO DOMINANT SPECIES-- HUMAN AND SAURIAN.

OUR TWO BANDS OF HEROES CAME INTO BEING AGES AGO, WHEN BOTH SPECIES WERE ON THE VERGE OF MUTUAL ANNIHILATION.

"THE DAUGHTERS ARE MOSTLY HUMAN, ALTHOUGH THERE ARE SAURIAN TEAMS AMIDST OUR REALMS.

"BUT BECAUSE THE SONS ARE ALL MASKED, NONE CAN TELL WHICH RACE WE COME FROM. ALL PEOPLE SEE IS THE ARMOR."

FROM THAT ANONYMITY COMES A MEASURE OF OUR COLLECTIVE STRENGTH.

TOGETHER, WE SONS AND DAUGHTERS HAVE KEPT OUR WORLD SAFE, AND AT PEACE, FOR A SCORE OF GENERATIONS.

NOT TOO SHABBY, MY FRIEND.

MEANWHILE...

NO OFFENSE, PAL, BUT THIS Q.A. COULD BE GOING BETTER.

WHERE'S OUR TELEPATH WHEN WE REALLY NEED HER?

I'M NOT SURE EVEN SAGE CAN DO US MUCH GOOD, GIVEN EVIDENCE OF THE PRISONERS' DEFESSIVE CONDITIONING.

THEY'RE PUTTING A LOT OF EFFORT INTO RESISTING.

MAKES ME WONDER IF THEY'RE STALLING FOR TIME-- WHAT THE DEVIL?

SOMETHING'S HAPPENING!

A FIGURE IS MATERIALIZING!

THAT'S CAT!

DON'T INTERFERE! SHE'S ONE OF OURS!



NEW

FOR THE FATE OF THIS WORLD!

FIGHT TO GLORY!

Part
2
of 5

By CHRIS CLAREMONT &
VINCENT VILLAGRASA

THE
CRYSTAL
PALACE,
HOME AND
HEAD-
QUARTERS
OF THE
EXILES.

DID YOU
REALLY THINK I'D LET
YOU ESCAPE?

SHAME ON
YOU, SAGE—I'M A
PART OF YOU.

AND BEFORE
I'M DONE, I'M
GOING TO BE
YOU—NOW AND
FOREVER!

TO THE WORLD
AROUND ME, I'M
STANDING ALONE IN
OUR CONTROL ROOM,
CONFRONTED BY A
PRODUCT OF MY
IMAGINATION.

IT MIGHT EVEN
BE SAID THAT
I'M INSANE.

WOULD THAT
THINGS WERE
THAT SIMPLE.

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Wilfredo QUINTANA Colorist
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BEFORE JOINING THE EXILES, I WAS A MEMBER OF A TEAM OF HEROES BASED IN BRITAIN, KNOWN AS EXCALIBUR.

AS PART OF MY FINAL MISSION, I ASSUMED A FALSE IDENTITY: DIANA FOX.

SAGE?
IS THAT
REALLY
YOU?

WHAT
WISDOM,
YOU DON'T
LIKE ME AS A
BLONDE?

AN ADVERSARY KNOWN AS ALBION WAS FORMING A CLANDESTINE ASSAULT FORCE. MY ASSIGNMENT WAS TO INFILTRATE HIS COMMAND, TO HELP BRING HIM DOWN.

SHOULD
I CAUTION
YOU TO BE
CAREFUL?

WHEN I GET
BACK, CAPTAIN,
ABSOLUTELY.

THE TRAINING REGIMEN I UNDERWENT WITH ALBION WAS UNLIKE ANYTHING I'D EVER EXPERIENCED. HONING BOTH BODY AND MIND.

THE PRESSURE WAS
RELENTLESS. TRYING
TO IMPRINT ON ME
AN ABSOLUTE
LOYALTY TO ALBION
AND HIS CAUSE.

BUT MY NATIVE WILL-- MY
TRAINING AND EXPERIENCE--
WAS SUFFICIENT TO KEEP THAT
ONSLAUGHT AT BAY.

AH, THE
ARROGANCE
OF HUBRIS.

WHEN I MADE MY
MOVE AGAINST
ALBION, SOMETHING
WENT WRONG.

THE PART OF ME THAT WAS
SAGE SHATTERED, TO BE
REPLACED BY DIANA. THE ROLE
HAD BECOME MY REALITY.

OVER TIME, I
RE-ESTABLISHED MY
PERSONA, AND THEN
FOUGHT TO REGAIN
CONTROL.

GET OUT
OF MY MIND,
WOMAN!

GET
OUT OF MY
BODY!

I WANT
THEM
BACK!

I WON THAT BATTLE.
I THOUGHT I'D WON
THE WAR.

BUT DIANA PROVED
AS INDOMITABLY
HARD TO EVICT FROM
MY LIFE AS I WAS
FROM HERS.

DIANA,
LISTEN TO
ME--

--THERE'S
TOO MUCH
AT STAKE.
THIS CAN'T
GO ON--!





MY HEAD'S
STARTING TO
POUND, AS IT
ALWAYS DOES
WHEN I
CONFRONT MY
ALTER EGO.



EVEN
THOUGH,
TO MY
PERCEPTIONS,
WE FACE ONE
ANOTHER
AS TWO
SEPARATE
PEOPLE...



...WE'RE
REALLY
PARTS OF
THE SAME
WHOLE.



EVERYTHING
ABOUT US IS IN
BALANCE.



NICE
HITS. I
LIKE YOUR
STYLE.

BUT EACH
TIME YOU
KNOCK ME
DOWN, SAGE...

...I'LL
JUST GET
UP.

I CAN'T
BE
KILLED...



... I WON'T
BE
STOPPED...

CALL ME
STUBBORN.
I SOLVE
PROBLEMS.

I'LL KEEP
TRYING.



FOR EVERY
ATTACK,
THERE'S A
DEFENSE.



FOR EVERY
PROBLEM, A
SOLUTION.



BUT IS
THAT SOLUTION
THE ONE YOU
DESIRE?



WE'RE TOO
EVENLY
MATCHED.



CHECK,
BREEDS
COUNTER-
CHECK.



BUT
NEVER
CHECK-
MATE.







TALLUS About it!

Write in to the Exiles at
MondoMarvel@marvel.com
And mark "OK to Print"
-or-
write to "Tallus About It"
417 5th Ave.
New York, NY 10016

Hello, there, everyone! My name's Remy, and it's wonderful to be back reading your mail again! It seems like it's been quite some time since I got the opportunity to sit down and connect with my fans from Earth-1218! And let me tell you, the planet we're visiting this time is the perfect place to relax and do a little reading. Tropical islands! Beautiful women! More ocean than you can wave kelp at! I have not felt so at home since I was... at home. Gorgeous!

Anyway, on to your letters, since that is what we're here for, n'est-ce pas?

Dear Gambit,

How do you manage to stay sane, living in an extra-dimensional palace with the likes of Cat and Sabretooth? I know Cat is TRYING to be tough with her whole "this little kitten's got stolen adamantium claws" thing, but really, it takes a lot more than that to be interesting these days - maybe you can give her some tips?

Sadly, Earth-1218's only method of viewing the exploits of the Exiles comes without sound, so I'm a little bit confused about the pronunciation of your name. A friend tells me it is pronounced "gæm bit", like the name of the X-Man from Earth-616, but I contend that it should be pronounced "hot", to rhyme with "awesome". (Hey, it's a proper noun, we can pronounce it however you wish!) Which is closer?

You haven't done much yet, but your headshot in each issue is more exciting than everything Cat and Sabretooth have done put together. Keep up the good work and until I stop giggling like a little schoolgirl every time you appear, MAKE MINE EXILES!

- Adrian J. Watts
Melbourne, Australia

Thank you ever so much for writing in, Adrian! And thank you for the kind words about my headshot! I agree, it is exciting... but I think you're not being nice to my fellow Exiles! Mister Creed is my fearless leader in this band of travelers, and Cat is a nice girl, most of the time. I'm not sure what you're referring to, regarding claws... unless it was from a mission I was not on. Funny she has not mentioned it...

I'm afraid it is your friend that is right about my name. "Gæm bit" it is. "Ghahmbit" sounds strange to my ears...but who am I to judge? I thought Erik Lensherr called himself "Mag-NET-oh."

Oh, good, another letter!

Dearest Remy (Essex-LeBeau-Richards-Rex?!):

What a thrilling opportunity to get a shot at an audience with my favorite X-Man--even if you aren't 616's Bon Homme X-traordinaire! But anyway you spice it, I've been eagerly awaiting your moment to shine in the New Exiles lineup. I have to admit I was thrown a bit at first by your strange origins on 6706, but knew you had a place in my heart when you were so quick to follow Rogue into a new life of adventure! Unfortunately it's not lookin' so good for your mother's counterpart in my neck of the Omniverse, but hey, what would a day in the life of Marvel be without a worldwide invasion or two?! But I digress--enough with the pushing and on to the questions!

1) Will you and Rogue always be star-crossed lovers--drawn to one another in some fundamental way that seems now to even transcend dimensional barriers as well as power-related ones? Especially with such a diverse and detectable collection of some the MUiverse's most fascinating females right at fin's reach?! (Who cares about kissing techniques--how are you gonna keep your hands if your libido is anything like Remy 6706?!)

2) Can you believe this mysterious Miz Cat? I don't think Sprite would've had the stuff to take home Adamantium silverware and next to yourself, I'm most excited to see what dark Shadows're in this Cat's closet.

3) Finally--When will we see some alternate universe versions of some all too familiar mystic and cosmic entities? Tell me a trek thru a Limbo that's a lot like "Heaven", a selfish, malevolent Surfer or perhaps a pseudo-psycho Sorcerer Supreme wouldn't make some interesting fodder for the New Exiles phantasmagoric pages?!

Well it looks like it's time for me to get back to my research tryin' to crack the lock on Sinister's recipe book... So, until Brubaker and Fraction get sealed in the White Hot Room so some other fanboys can get their shot, or Wiccan, Hulkling, Northstar, and both Remy's wanna come over for a pool party, I'll keep my Tallus tuned to New Exiles!

Dustin Vogt
recent transplant from
Guthrie-ville, KY to Dallas, TX

Hello, Djustin! Of course, I'm ready for adventure! I'm ready to trek to the ends of the Omniverse and back at the heels of some derring-do! As for the Susan Storm of your universe...I must admit, it makes me uncomfortable seeing her married to that Mr. Elastic rather than my father. Of

course, my father is not actually my father on Earth-616. What a strange Omniverse this is!

1) Rogue and I? Lovers? I think you might have mistaken me for someone else! Yes, I stole a kiss when saving her life... but isn't that only fair payment for a noble deed? Leaping from world to world, meeting such beauties as young 'Roro, and Summer Scott, how can a man be expected to choose just one fair lady?

2) Adamantium silverware? Mystiq's cooking is exquisite, but that would certainly be an expensive set of utensils...

3) You never know where the next adventure will take us! Although... now that you mention it... the Exiles would be a lot more powerful if they were made up of an alternate Living Tribunal, Eternity, and Lord of Order. Perhaps we're recruiting from the wrong circles?

That's about it for this month's letter's page! Oh-- Jordan asked me to officially welcome new artist Tim Seeley aboard the good ship New Exiles! For my own part, it's a pleasure to have him drawing me, and have him guaranteeing the gorgeous appearances of the lovely ladies of this world. To see more from our old friend Tom Grummett, you can check out the New Exiles Annual in December!

Thanks for reading, and thanks for writing in! If you want to write in about the issue you hold in your hands, you can send in a letter to the lovely Ms. Sage! I certainly hope she'll have time to answer them... she seems pretty busy just now!

NEXT ISSUE:



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Dizzy

&

ROCAFELLA

